

THE JOURNAL.

W. R. HEARST.

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THE WEATHER.

Showers; clearing toward evening.

Manley has the figures, but Hanna claims the delegates.

Oom Paul objects to accepting the Queen as managing aunt.

Whenever the French Cabinet makes a false move it dismisses a Minister to atone for it.

Governor Morton appoints Lyman the Excise Commissioner, but who recommends him?

Lord Salisbury's foreign policy is not comprehensible to his friends or objectionable to his enemies.

Chandler wounded Hanna's finest sensibilities by referring to "boodles." Yet Chandler ought to know.

There is no need to check Spanish indignation against the United States, but we ought to check Spain.

Harrison may not be lovely, but the bosses would not refuse to use him to beat McKinley on that account.

The persistence and endurance of the Cubans prove them to be indomitable. Independence is a certain result.

Maceo speaks of the future of Cuba hopefully and tells his plans fearlessly; Weyler is disgusted and wants to go to Spain.

With an income of \$724,000 a year, the Prince of Wales is seeking an increase of allowance to keep the Duke of York out of the poorhouse.

How Massachusetts and New York Republicans can stand on the McKinley platform is a puzzle not to be solved till the convention meets.

The military experts of London oppose the plan of the Soudan campaign, but the Dervishes will likely be most successful in charging it.

The universal arbitrators wish to arbitrate on everything except the one disputed question between the United States and Great Britain—the Venezuelan boundary.

At a horse race and a row near Fort Sill, Oklahoma, the Indians lost the races, \$15,000 in money and two killed. The Indians had received annuities of \$125,000, and were trying to spend it.

NEW YORK'S LUCK.

It is better to be born lucky than it is to be born rich. It is apparently also better to be lucky than it is to be properly safeguarded.

There is scarcely a day in the year when New York does not, through mere chance, escape some tremendous disaster involving appalling loss of life. The recent episode on the high curve of the West Side elevated railroad is a most striking case in point. Nothing more than glorious luck prevented a trainload of people from being precipitated from the elevated tracks into the street below. Hundreds would have been killed by the little miscalculation on the part of Colonel Hain's employees had not good fortune taken, for the instant, the place of good management. How many times similar providential salvations have occurred on the elevated railroads without getting spectacular enough to call them to the attention of the public, no man knows.

But more impressive than the accidents which do not happen on the elevated railroads are disasters which do not occur on the rivers. The hundreds of ferryboats which ply between New York and nearby points are controlled by the most extraordinary set of Federal laws in the United States statute books. They are the only passenger steamers whereon the number of passengers to be carried is not legally limited. The bigger the crowds on them the better everybody, including the law, likes it. They are the only passenger steamers which are not compelled by law to be properly fitted out with life-saving appliances. All other craft licensed to transport human beings are supposed to be provided with enough lifeboats, rafts and life-preservers to save, in case of disaster, the maximum number of persons which they are permitted to carry. Not so a ferryboat. A ferryboat need have only enough life-saving appliances to preserve the "average number of persons which ride on the boat at one time during a week day." Thus, should a ferryboat sink at noon, while she was comparatively lightly laden, there would be more than enough life-preservers and lifeboats to save her human cargo. But, on the other hand, if she went down at 6 at night, or in the morning during the "rush hours," fully one-third of her passengers would

be forced to sink or swim, as best they could, without assistance.

That such a state of affairs should exist in waters so crowded by swiftly moving craft, and so subject to dense fogs as those which surround New York City, is surprising, but less surprising than the fact that New York's horrified attention has not been called to the miserable lack of proper safeguards by some dreadful disaster. Dozens of vessels are yearly sent to the bottom of our rivers and harbor by collisions, but among the unfortunates there have been no ferryboats, although they are, logically at least, as likely to be sufferers as are the tugboats, ocean steamers and lighters which have so far formed a majority of the victims. Verily luck is a great thing!

Representatives of Southwestern railways met here and arranged a traffic schedule more profitable to themselves than beneficial to shippers.

RECENT CUBAN VICTORIES.

There are two large inland cities in Cuba, Santa Clara and Pinar del Rio, capitals of provinces similarly named. According to the Havana dispatches of yesterday's Journal, both of them were taken by the insurgents.

These cities are among the largest on the island, and have really been the bases of operations of the Spanish troops operating in those districts. It is a question if Captain-General Weyler will now say these two capitals were taken by roving bands of bandits. The bandits were too much for his columns.

The taking of Santa Clara is the hardest blow suffered by the Spaniards so far. Pinar del Rio is now a waste; the raids of the rebels and the necessities of the Government troops have made the westernmost province of Cuba a desert. Plantation after plantation has been deserted, and the people have had to crowd into the towns to get food; there is nothing left to eat in the country. This being the fact, it was not a great surprise to learn that the rebels had entered Pinar del Rio. But Santa Clara still has fields of cane and pineapple, cattle and farms. It is richer than the tobacco province, and the strong force at the capital was commanded by General Bazan, one of Weyler's favorite generals. Bazan was sent home by Martinez Campos as a ferocious incompetent, but Weyler restored him to active service and placed him at the head of the army. The first conspicuous mention of him is that the rebels have invaded his stronghold and burned what they cared to. The exclusive news of this came through the Spanish censor at Havana, and the Journal's correspondent concluded his dispatch with these significant paragraphs:

The Journal will understand that lack of opportunity alone prevents me from sending more news of this grand and glorious Spanish victory to-night, but I hope to send more later.

All your correspondent can state now is that it was as great a victory as has yet been given to the Spanish arms during the rebellion.

As the Spaniards have gained no victory of consequence during the entire war, this last paragraph becomes humorous. It simply means that the Spaniards at Santa Clara were soundly thrashed, and could not stand before the dashing insurgents.

These fights are a result of the recent successful expeditions. The rebels have landed a million rifle cartridges, and their long restrained desire to meet the Spanish legions on fair terms may now be gratified.

If the United States is going to recognize the belligerence of the Cuban patriots, it will have to hurry, or the Cubans will have restored peace to the island by driving the Spaniards off it, and will be clear beyond the recognition stage.

McKinley cannot advocate protection for iron, coal, salt and tin and refuse protection to silver.

RAPID TRANSIT IN GREATER NEW YORK.

There are certain urban philosophers who believe that the passage of the bill creating a Greater New York will quicken our civic pride to such a point that we will insist upon the construction of such bridges, underground railroads, tunnels and other projected arteries of travel as may be necessary to enable us to travel about and view the different portions of our new domain expeditiously and with a reasonable degree of comfort. In that case all the dwellers in Greater New York will have reason to give thanks for the bill of incorporation.

A backward glance of twenty years or so enables us to gain an idea of the enormous growth of the population of the sister cities during that period. At that time the ferryboats sufficed to carry to and from their homes all the Brooklynites who did business in New York, and that was a large proportion of the adult male population. To-day, in addition to the ferryboats, which are still in operation as before, we have the Bridge, which carries the bulk of the passengers and is entirely inadequate to meet the demand. Then the Third Avenue horse car line was the quickest and most direct route from the City Hall to the upper part of the town. There were also the University place cars and the slow-plodding omnibuses, and over on Greenwich street, the first of the elevated railroads carried a small

number of passengers, and was viewed with distrust by the majority of the citizens.

It is only when we compare these primitive means of travel with our present system of elevated and cable railroads that we have a realizing sense of the rapid growth of the city and its suburbs. Twenty years ago a fleet of steamboats plied between the lower end of Manhattan Island and Harlem, touching at Astoria, an ancient settlement which has been strangely overlooked in the fevered rush of real estate speculation, and has undergone scarcely any change except that of peaceful decay during the past quarter of a century. Incredible as it may seem, a Sunday stage coach, drawn by horses of the class that may be seen attached to the Fifth Avenue stage coaches of to-day, started every Sunday morning from Jersey City for Newark.

The Greater New York will need new means of transit as badly as they were needed by the town of twenty years ago, and there is a certain satisfaction in picturing to ourselves a time when the Hudson River Bridge will place rural New Jersey within half an hour of the heart of the city, when New East River bridges will open up the western end of Long Island, when the time between Wall Street and the Harlem River by underground electric railway will be but a quarter of an hour, when it will be possible to cross the present Brooklyn Bridge at 6 o'clock in the evening without danger to life or limb.

In truth, it is a rosy future of speedy and comfortable travel that comes to the mind of the citizen who broods over the Greater New York and its possible development.

Benjamin Harrison's ears are possibly receptive to other whispers than Cupid's.

EUROPEAN AFFAIRS.

The situation in Europe is becoming more complicated, but still there is no danger of a war in Europe. Each one of the great powers is anxious to prevent that. A war in Europe, no matter how it might terminate, would entail great sacrifice of life and property on all involved.

The advance of the British troops against the Dervishes, if checked as reported, will be accepted as good news by Russia, France and Germany. The proposed expedition of the British, ostensibly against Matabeland, but really against the Boers of the Transvaal, will be displeasing to Germany. Meanwhile the defeats suffered by Italy and Spain, the financial straits of both countries, and the complications resultant from maintaining the Turk in Europe, present a condition unprecedented in history and inexplicable to statesmen.

No man can guess what the outcome will be, except that there will be a peaceful settlement among the European powers as the result of a bloody division of colonial spoils.

Workingmen who have good memories will recall that McKinley protection for manufacturers reduced wages for the men.

It was the understanding of certain Republican statesmen that the money of the protected manufacturers was to be used in defeating Democrats only. This is why they complain of the pocketbook campaigning of the McKinleyites.

Hon. D. Webster Flannagan, the Texas statesman who makes a specialty of knowing just what he is there for, announces that he will be a member of the St. Louis Convention. The claim agents of the various Presidential booms should hasten to affix their brands to Mr. Flannagan.

Carnegie's experience with the Homestead riots, following the passage of the McKinley law, induces him to object to McKinley. His experience is that the American laborer will demand a share in the protection of the legislation enacted for the benefit of American labor. That is what causes the trouble. The manufacturers do not wish to divide with the laborers. The laborers can obtain a share only by unions. The unions are not always successful; they are frequently disastrous to the capitalist and fatal to the workingmen. They are defensive combinations of workingmen against precisely such abuses as must always follow class legislation—legislation which enable us to travel about and view the different portions of our new domain expeditiously and with a reasonable degree of comfort. In that case all the dwellers in Greater New York will have reason to give thanks for the bill of incorporation.

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Italy's Perilous State of Poverty.

Rome, March 15.—The formation of the new Cabinet has been hailed throughout the whole of Italy as an event of most happy omen and a deliverance which has for a long time been awaited. Nevertheless undue importance should not be attached to this fact, for although Ministerial crises are frequent in Italy, the fall of every Cabinet has been hailed with delight. When Signor Crispiati quitted office in 1891 a chorus of curses was heard from every province against the Cabinet which had ruined the finances of Italy, which had destroyed the guarantees provided by the constitution, and which had landed the country within half an inch of war. Eighteen months later came the ignominious fall of the Di Rudini Cabinet. Everybody heaped ridicule on it because it had almost reduced Italy to a state of the lowest rank by means of its policy of procrastination, its alleged economies and its culpable passivity in all questions affecting the national dignity and honor; moreover people came to the conclusion that it had accomplished nothing either for public economy or the State finances. It had left a deficit of seventy millions.

The Cabinet of Signor Giolitti came next, and every one knows how this Ministry fell. It lived in the midst of corruptions, and fell into the mire of the catastrophe of the Banca Romana. Once more public opinion carried Signor Crispiati to power by a genuinely popular vote. People said: "Crispiati alone can save us from shame and disgrace." Well, the result is this: Signor Crispiati has fallen again, and had he remained one single week more in office the whole of Italy would have been in insurrection, just as in 1892 Sicily and portions of the mainland rose against the remnants of the Giolitti Cabinet. The Marquis Di Rudini is once more at the head of the State, and in all probability several months hence people will say about him exactly what is now said of Signor Giolitti. This phenomenon, which in any other country would seem improbable, is in Italy only the natural consequence of the economic evils under which the nation groans.

Since 1880 all of the Cabinets have without exception aggravated these evils, and not one has been able to devise remedies for a crisis which has lasted so long.

The first Cabinet Crispiati imposed more than one hundred millions of taxes and debts. The Di Rudini Cabinet imposed fifty millions of new taxes, and incurred three or four hundred millions of debts. The Giolitti Cabinet further increased the taxes by seventy millions, and ran up six or seven hundred millions of debts, while the last Crispiati Cabinet proposed one hundred and ten millions of new taxes, and was even preparing to ask for forty or fifty millions more without taking into account the credits and the loan for the African campaign.

With such a system, against which the country incessantly protests, the public debt has in a few years increased by three milliards, and now stands at fifteen milliards. Every Cabinet has unquestionably been guilty of the fault of not knowing how to abstain from mad expenditure or how to limit the budgets to the resources of the country. The fault is, however, not to be laid exclusively to the charge of the various Ministries; it is above all the fault of the people themselves. Every time administrative reforms have been mooted, which should reduce the cost of administration, the country has rebelled. Signor Zanardelli was denounced because he proposed the suppression of eight hundred preceptors, and only with the greatest possible difficulty did he succeed in suppressing two hundred. Even then he obtained no advantage, for people commenced to say that the magistracy was badly paid, and the end of it all was that the savings on the suppressions went to increase the salaries of those who were fortunate enough to remain in office.

The Marquis Di Rudini wished to suppress the prefectures, reducing their number from thirty-four to twenty. Signor Crispiati, Minister of Justice under Signor Giolitti, desired to unify the five Courts de Cassation, and to reduce the number of the tribunals. Signor Martini, Minister of Instruction, wished to reduce the twenty-five universities in the kingdom to five only. Nothing whatever was done. The towns which ran the risk of losing some prefectures or tribunals or universities rose in their wrath, and Ministers, from fear of being ousted from power, were obliged to abandon their propositions.

The promises of the Ministers count for nothing. Baron Sonnino announced last November that financial equilibrium was at hand, and so did Signor Grimaldi in 1893. Signor Zanardelli before him gave assurances that with a slight effort the deficits would have been removed forever. Nevertheless they have always increased. Signor Colombo, the present Minister of the Treasury, announces in his turn that the financial situation is not desperate, and that remedies can be found for the new dangers, but without doubt his work will resemble that of his predecessors. Like them, Signor Colombo will impose new taxes and incur new debts. When Duke Di Sermoneta, now Minister for Foreign Affairs, was only a simple municipal councillor at Rome he said to me: "There is as yet no wish to understand that to save the country the taxes must be reduced, not increased. By reducing them you revive commerce and industry, the country becomes less poor and the revenues of the State increase. By increasing them the country becomes poorer each day and the revenues decrease."

There have several times been mooted a proposal in Italy in favor of a tax on revenue—a species of income tax. Signor Giolitti actually commenced to study the question, and Baron Sonnino had almost completed a scheme, but no practical formal proposal has ever been laid before the Chamber, since the Conservative party, and particularly the Marquis di Rudini, did not desire it.

In Italy the grand seigneurs do not pay in proportion to their incomes. Moreover, the system of making deductions on the taxes in Italy is very defective, and it may be safely affirmed that two-thirds of those who should be taxed do not pay at all, while the third which does pay comprises the poor, who cannot hide their slender resources from the tax collector. In Italy, moreover, there is the curious phenomenon of the poorest district paying less as much as the richest. One example may be given. Sicily pays 22,000,000 lire for the dazio consumo (duties on articles of consumption), while Piedmont, with an equal population, only pays 7,000,000. This example is sufficient to show that justice is not meted out in Italy, and this is the origin of the ever-increasing misery and popular and widespread discontent, which finds its vent in sedition and brigandage. This situation can only be changed by extreme measures or as a consequence of the bankruptcy of the State.

Romance and Reality in Vienna.

Vienna, March 17.—An interesting story illustrating the slowness of action natural to the middle classes in this capital—the middle classes which have nothing of the eagerness and vivacity of the Viennese pictured in contemporary novels, but instead are broken in spirit, resigned and almost without hope by generations of respectable poverty and privations—such a story that may well tempt one of our great American novelists and word painters, has been narrated to me by a high official at the Emperor's court, who played a subordinate part in the social drama.

About two weeks ago, says my informant, who is on the staff of the Grand Marshal of the court, a petition was handed in praying His Majesty to permit the immediate marriage of Captain Joseph Reiche with his affianced, Fraulein Anna Sachs, both parties being unable to give the necessary financial guarantees. An army officer, now known, who wants to marry, must prove a certain income outside of his pay; it is immaterial whether the funds are furnished by him or by his intended wife.

The petitioners pronounced their case hopeless from a financial point of view, saying that neither owned a penny above the necessities of life. Still, as the Captain was a very sick man, he desired to marry the woman he loved in order to legitimize their child, now four years old. I was ordered to look into the matter, and, according to regulations, returned the petition with the remark that it could not be placed before His Majesty until the necessary documents guaranteeing the identity of the parties, including the child, were furnished, as well as recommendations from the Captain's superior officers and his physician testifying to the needs of the case.

As the Captain and his affianced were citizens of Vienna I reckoned that all the certificates wanted would be forthcoming within twenty-four hours, at the latest, and meanwhile got the petition ready so as to be able to submit it to the Emperor at a moment's notice. I waited two, three and four days, and then, not hearing further on the matter, dropped it from my mind, thinking the Captain's condition had improved and the idea of marriage in extremis (on the death bed) had been abandoned. Imagine my surprise, when, on Saturday afternoon, Fraulein Sachs appeared personally at the Court Marshal's office, bringing back the petition without the required documents. "The Captain is dying," she said, "and his physician gives him only twelve hours to live. Save me. I will thank you on my knees as long as I live."

"But," I demanded, "why didn't you bring the documents, as ordered? You understand their necessity?"

"To be sure," answered the woman, "but I postponed the matter from one day to another, and now it is too late."

I submitted the case to my chief, who immediately made inquiries at the hospital by telephone and learned that the petitioner had told the truth with respect to the Captain's condition. Then, out of sympathy, he wrote a personal letter to the Emperor, indorsing the petition, and begging His Majesty to immediately pass on the matter. This was sent to the Emperor, who was out hunting, by special courier, while Fraulein Sachs was asked to hold herself in readiness for the ceremony.

The courier returned at 11 o'clock at night with the Emperor's permission for the marriage, and drove at once to the hospital, where he delivered the warrant into the Captain's hands. The marriage, however, has not taken place, so the Court Marshal's office was informed.

Your correspondent, on further investigation, learned the following facts: After her interview with the official, Fraulein Sachs went to the hospital and said that special efforts were being made to secure the permit, and that upon receipt of the Emperor's answer she should be notified. The answer came as stated, and the sick man was overjoyed at the news. Messengers were sent for a priest and the prospective bride. The first named, Curate Starkosch, responded immediately, but the servant dispatched to Fraulein Sachs's house brought back the message that she was not at home, but had gone to a friend's to stay the night, without leaving an address. The physicians decided not to tell the Captain of this, but dispatched messengers to search for the bride, meanwhile trying their utmost to keep the dying man alive. In this they succeeded, but toward morning the patient lost consciousness, whereupon the priest declared that his holy office forbade him to perform the ceremony while this state lasted. Upon request of the physicians the good man, however, remained until 9 o'clock, expecting the Captain to revive and the bride to put in an appearance.

At 8 o'clock the patient rallied, and, turning his eyes toward the door, asked whether his intended was not coming. The doctor soothed him by declaring that the Fraulein was in the next room. "Then bring her quickly," said the soldier; "I feel as if the last call were sounding."

For fully ten minutes the poor fellow sat up in bed, hope and anticipation keeping him alive; then he fell back upon his pillow, dead, with the most pained expression upon his face. An hour later the affianced wife that had been drove up gayly attired in bridal robes. She confessed to having received the message three hours previous, but had decided to wait until after breakfast, when she made her elaborate toilet.

Result: The stupid woman loses the right to the title and pension, while her child is officially pronounced illegitimate, and all because she desired to do things in her own sluggish, native fashion. The woman is a music teacher of some repute, moving in the upper middle classes, as they call them here.

HENRY W. FISCHER.

The Sound Money Man.

(Detroit News-Tribune.)

The great of a Buffalo woman who tried to make \$20 out of a \$10 bill by tearing it in two shows how thoroughly organized are the operations of cheap money and plenty of it.

The Old Problem.

(Detroit Tribune.)

Ballington Booth's feminine volunteers evince a marked determination to get everything on straight before they start.

What, Truly?

(Chicago Tribune.)

If the Negus of Abyssinia doesn't agree with the British diplomats what is to hinder them from falling back on their brandy and soda?

Where Is Jones's Successor?

(Chicago Tribune.)

The political mantle of Jones—who defies the transportation charges has not yet settled down comfortably on the shoulders of any other New Yorker.

Yes, Here and There.

(Detroit Tribune.)

Here and there, observing a band wagon which was very keenly interested.

A Two-Fold Purpose.

(Detroit News-Tribune.)

Mr. Foraker rolls up his sleeves, partly to go to work and partly to show that there is nothing in them.

Will Mrs. Burke-Roche Become a Peeress?

Lord Fermoy's illness and the recent election of his brother, the Hon. James Burke-Roche, by the Home Rule party in Ireland, and his parliamentary representation for Killarney, give rise to a very peculiar question which is of vital interest to every American who has any relative, friend or acquaintance married to a member of the European nobility. Lord Fermoy has no male issue, and his peerage passes, therefore, to his brother, James. The latter, as everybody knows, married in 1880 a daughter of Mr. Work, of New York, her sister being Mrs. Cooper Hewitt. Some years ago Mrs. Burke-Roche was compelled by the conduct of her husband to leave him, and came over here with her children, two of whom are boys.

About twelve months after her return she secured in the courts of the State of Delaware a decree divorcing her from her husband. Now the question arises as to whether, when Lord Fermoy dies, she will be considered a British peeress and entitled to the prerogatives, legal and social, of that position in Great Britain. The case is without precedent, and is likely to cause no end of discussion, controversy and possibly legal conflict.

The general impression in England is that from the moment when the Hon. James becomes Lord Fermoy, the American Mrs. Burke-Roche will ipso facto become Lady Fermoy on the ground that the English courts do not recognize the jurisdiction of the American courts in such cases. It is held that in marrying an English subject, and that under the circumstances the British courts were alone competent to dissolve the union, unless, indeed, Mr. Roche himself established his legal residence in the United States or in any other country where his wife might see fit to sue for a divorce.

Mr. Burke-Roche, however, has it in his power to make Mrs. Burke-Roche a peeress by to deprive her of that honor, which she obviously had in view when she married him. For he can now at any moment apply to and obtain from the English courts a decree of divorce on the ground of desertion. The very fact that she should have gone to the length of securing an American divorce is quite sufficient in the eyes of the English law to establish the plea of desertion in its most acute form.

No one who knows Mr. Burke-Roche will be astonished if he does open up negotiations with his beautiful ex-wife, with a view to reconciliation. It is regarded as probable in England that he will impose terms that are heavy, making them a condition, or rather the price, of Mrs. Burke-Roche's coronet as a peeress of the realm.

It is worthy of note that the English peerages, especially those which, being edited and published by the officials of the College of Herald, possess an official quality, described Mrs. Burke-Roche as having been divorced by her husband, instead of she having divorced him, as was the case. The peerages do her a gross injustice in this particular, for when the phrase "whom he divorced" follows the name of any lady in its pages, the obvious inference is that the misconduct leading to the dissolution of the marriage has been hers, and such a character as to deprive the husband an alternative but to get rid of her. Indeed, it is a question whether or not Mrs. Burke-Roche has grounds for a suit for libel and a claim for large damages upon the publishers of these peerages, since the way that her name is recorded in Burke's, Dodd's and De Brette's is sufficient to impair her social standing in Europe and even in this country, and to smirch her otherwise unsullied name and reputation.

No matter whether Mrs. Burke-Roche becomes in the full sense of the word Lady Fermoy and a peeress of the realm, nothing on earth can prevent her eldest son, Edmund, from becoming Lord Fermoy on the death of his father, should he survive the latter, and in the event of the now eleven-year-old Lord's death, his son, Frank, before passing on to Mrs. Burke-Roche's brother-in-law, the Hon. Alexis Burke-Roche, who is married to a daughter of the Right Hon. George Goschen, who, as First Lord of the Admiralty, is virtually at the head of England's magnificent navy.

There are quite large estates that go with the title and no less than three country seats, one of which is in County Cork and the others in County Limerick, and this property being entailed, it cannot be diverted from Mrs. Burke-Roche's sons, although she herself may be debarred from any participation in the administration thereof during the minority of her boys. The Fermoy peerage is of relatively modern creation, having been conferred in 1856 on the brother-in-law of Mrs. Burke-Roche some forty years ago. The motto is a quaint one and a play upon the name, "Mon Dieu est ma Roche" (My God is my rock, or Roche).

Save in the case of public servants who are childless and who have no male relatives in the line of succession, peerages are never conferred in Great Britain unless a certain extent of landed property is inseparably connected with the title by entail. The object of this is not only to make the nobility territorial, but also to assure in the most certain manner possible an adequate fortune to the holder of the title. The British Crown realizing that a pauper peer brings discredit upon his entire order, and, in fact, upon the aristocratic system. A fortune in stocks and bonds, no matter how securely tied up by testament in the hands of trustees, is not regarded by the Crown as fulfilling the requirements. It must be land, that being regarded as the only sure and entirely infallible source of revenue.

More or Less in the Public Eye.

King Menelik, of Abyssinia, knows nothing of the Italian tongue excepting a few "swear words."

Senator Proctor, of Vermont, is considered the most solemn-looking man in the United States Senate. In this connection it may be remarked that he made his fortune in the manufacture of gravestones.

Hugh J. Lee, of Meriden, Conn., who was a member of the Peary expedition, is in receipt of a letter asking him to consider a proposition to join another exploring party about to start to the Arctic regions. The letter is from Robert Stein, the commander of the proposed expedition. Preparations are in progress for the voyage.

Pope Leo XIII. has presented to the Queen Regent of Spain the Palazzo Ateneo in Rome, which he purchased recently for 1,200,000 francs. The palace was formerly a monastery and was rebuilt and decorated by Cardinal Marco Antonio. Recently the Queen Regent of Spain, who is now in Rome, and the Pope has now gratified his wish.

Baron Paumgarten, of the Austro-Hungarian Legation, accompanied by his family, has arrived in Washington. Baron Paumgarten was Chancellor of the Legation stationed here some years ago. Since 1886 he has been attached to the Legation at London.

Odd Occurrences Out of Town.

He Killed an Octopus.

W. H. Hebard, of Alameda, Cal., had a fight with and killed a large octopus recently at the tidal canal. Mr. Hebard lives near the canal and he thought that he would take a row in his boat. As soon as he took his seat in the boat it began to rock violently. He was a somewhat startled and became much alarmed when he saw on all sides of his boat large, snakelike tentacles. Hebard pushed the boat ashore and found clinging to the bottom a large devilfish. The fish showed up immediately. Hebard grabbed up an oar and hit the octopus a heavy blow on the head. The fish struck out with its arms in every direction. A well-directed blow with the oar finished the fight and killed the fish.

The octopus was found to be a very large specimen. It had eight arms, each of which were nearly six feet in length and furnished with 120 pairs of suckers.

Crazy Over "X" Rays.

This tale comes from Richmond, Va. Robert Gibb, of New York, was crazy at the Exchange Hotel, in this city, last night on the subject of X rays. In the dining room he jumped up and exclaimed: "The landlord is trying to find out if I have money enough to pay him."

He was taken out into the lobby, and told one of the clerks: "Everybody is trying to photograph me—look at the rays playing on me! I don't mind the proprietor, but it is too much to be subjected to the inspection of guests."

In his room Gibb said to a clerk: "For years I have been pursued by people trying to photograph me. My family began it. They drove me from home. I went among strangers. I started for Richmond, and they followed me here."

After a night's rest the man's mind seemed to be improved. He was asked the address of his family, so that they might be communicated with, but he would not give it. To-day he left the hotel. Before coming here Gibb was at a Newport News acting strangely. He is a young man with plenty of money on his person.

Skeleton in Chains.